

# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1753.

Volume XCII.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1893

Number 4,792.

## POETRY.

### THE OLD CHURCH BELLS.

I hear once more those mournful bells  
Break on the Sabbath air,  
And to my lips come back again  
The long unuttered prayer.  
My heart reverberates with them,  
To old forgotten chimes,  
For with those mournful bells are linked  
The thoughts of other times.

The steeple where, a boy, I climbed,  
The tower, the bending yew,  
The pulpit and the solemn aisle,  
The forgotten pew,  
The moss upon the sloping roof,  
The porch, the lowly door,  
Are linked with forms whose memory  
They only can restore.

Like voices of the past they speak  
To unremembered care,  
And bitter thoughts come swelling up  
With heart-rending tears:  
And though their tones seem sad to me,  
My bosom watches tell,  
How full of hope have been the chimes  
Of those old mournful bells.

OCTOBER.  
A SONNET BY ERYANT.  
Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,  
When winds begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns glow pink, and the meek suns grow  
Brief.

And the sun smiles as it draws near its death,  
Wind of the sunny South! oh still delay  
In the gay woods and in the golden leaf,  
Like to a good old age released from care,  
Journeying, in long serenity, away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, old bowers and  
Brooks.

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
And music of kind voices ever nigh;  
And when my last and twilight in the glass,  
Passes from men, as thou dost pass.

AUTUMN.  
A SONNET BY ERYANT.  
Thou comest Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned;  
Brighter than brightest lights of Samarcand,  
And still more often hauntings to thy vain.

Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outreached with benediction o'er the land,  
Blessing the arms through all thy vast domain;  
Thy shield is the heaven's host, thy sword the rain.

So long beneath the heaven's host hang banners;  
Thy steps are by the fane's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves of grain;  
And, following thee, in thine own vision pass.

Time almost, the wind, scatters the golden leaves  
AFTERNOON.  
A SONNET BY ERYANT.  
I have heard much of liquid manure, and some of us  
Have occasionally used it on a small scale.

We all know that solid manure, or the most  
Of the ingredients of it, must be dissolved  
And become liquid before it can be taken  
Up by the roots of the vegetable and  
Circulated around and about the system  
Of the plant.

Experiments are now going on in England,  
And in some parts of this country, the object  
Of which is to ascertain the comparative  
Benefit and profit of liquidizing—that is,  
Of teaching our common barn yard and  
Other manures, and using the liquid on the  
Land, instead of spreading and ploughing it  
Under in a solid state.

Where labor is cheap, and the quick return  
Of the manure in the form of the crop is  
Desired, we have no doubt that this would  
Be the best mode of applying manure.

It is, no doubt, always desirable for the  
Farmer to realize a return for the manure  
Applied as soon as possible, but, if the  
Application of this is the consequence of  
Increased expense, over and above fair profit,  
He had better follow the old course, and  
Thereby gain in profit what he loses in time.

There is one species of crop, however, and  
A very important one, too, to which  
Liquid manures would seem peculiarly  
Adapted. This is our hay crop. The  
Application of top dressings to our mowing  
lands, while they increase the burden of  
grass, oftentimes leave too much dirt on the  
surface, which is apt to be gathered up  
With the hay by the rake. If, instead of  
this, the same amount of fertilizing material  
Be applied in liquid form, a more prompt  
action would take place, and the above  
trouble be obviated.—Maine Farmer.

HEADING CABBAGES IN THE WINTER.  
A friend and correspondent complains to  
us, that his cabbages do not manifest any  
disposition to form close and compact heads,  
and enquires what he shall do with them.

We would advise him to let them stand  
the usual time, and if they are not sufficiently  
formed then, to give them a chance to  
head during the winter, by adopting the  
following plan:

Dig a trench on the side of a hill, say a foot  
wide and two deep. Let it slope down hill  
sufficiently to drain off any water that may  
chance to find its way in.

Put a layer of straw on the bottom. Pull  
the cabbages up by the roots, close the  
leaves together, and place them in the trench,  
head down, and roots up. Place some straw  
between them and the sides of the trench.

Then take a couple of boards and set them  
over the trench so as to form a roof, and  
cover the whole over with earth. In this  
way we have caused cabbages to form good  
heads during the winter, and take them  
out for use in the spring. By putting them  
down roots up, you prevent any dirt from  
getting in among the leaves. If the water  
gets in and stands among them, they will  
be in danger of rotting.—Maine Farmer.

## SELECTED TALES.

### THE PRINTER'S SECRET.

BY A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

"You can take this case," said the foreman; "here is a stick—here is some copy; and if you would like a quick and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience."

The partner merely looked up and faintly smiled in acknowledgment of the foreman's compliment, and kept on with his work, while the foreman turned away to attend to something else.

We worked on steadily until dinner, as we were in a hurry to get the paper up, without exchanging a word, or even a look. In the afternoon I had more leisure to study the physiognomy of my neighbor. He was a young man of about three or four and twenty, with handsome features and a rather intellectual cast of countenance. His face was quite pale, and the raven darkness of his hair, eyebrows and eyes made me immediately come to the conclusion, after thoroughly studying his physiognomy, that he was a hard student during his leisure hours, or that, depriving himself of recreation of books or other sources of enjoyment, he spent all his waking hours at the case. The latter supposition time proved correct.

As day after day passed by I became more acquainted with him; and I found him to be a singular character. Beneath his stand he had constructed a kind of a closet, which contained a spirit lamp, a mattress with bedding, a few cooking utensils, and a small stock of the plainest kind of food. When the hours for meals arrived, he would light his lamp, and putting some food over to cook, would work until all the rest of the hands had left the office, when he would sit down to his frugal repast.

He worked incessantly during work hours, hardly leaving the office unless to purchase food or upon some errand of that kind. Morning, noon, and night, when I returned from my meals, I invariably found him at the case, working away with all his might, as if some great issue depended upon the improvement of every minute. I suppose he slept upon the cot which he kept in his closet; as he was always at work when I left at night and when I returned in the morning, I could not positively assert that he did so. I was not long in discovering that there was some mystery connected with him, and that his intense application to labor was not prompted merely by a desire to make money; for if there is anything in phrenology, judging from the formation of the head, he was the very one whom I would have selected from a score of spendthrifts. Occasionally his cheek would flush, his eyes light up, and a happy smile overspread his features; then the smile would go away, his eyes would fill with tears, while an expression of sadness—almost despair—would seat itself upon his countenance. I have been tempted a thousand times to ask him the cause of this, but as he appeared so cold and isolated I refrained from doing so, as it is not pleasant offering sympathy unasked.

"Well, how do you like your neighbor?" asked one of the journeyman of me, as we were descending the stairs one evening.

"I can hardly make him out," said I; "he appears to be a strange sort of being. You are better acquainted with him than I; how do you like him?"

"For my part, I hate him, and what is more, he has not a friend in the whole office. That fellow has been here for three months, and he has hardly spoken to any one. A man who makes such bills as he does, and hoards up his money like a miser, I have very little friendship for. We wouldn't any of us care so much if he would be a little sociable and spend a dollar, or even a dime occasionally; but no—every five cent piece he gets he hangs on to as if he was afraid the eagle on it would spread his wings and fly away with it, doing him out of a five cent piece. But he can't stay here long. We've insulted him a dozen times, and he has less spunk than I think he has; he don't resent it some day—We'll get him into a quarrel then, and have him discharged."

"But," said I, "do you know anything about him? He may have some all-absorbing object to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity. You should have a little charity for the fellow, and taking Crockett's motto, be sure you are right before you go ahead."

"No, we know nothing of him, and if circumstances are as you suppose, it will be his own fault if he is discovered too late, for we have tried often enough to interfere, but he won't let us."

I had some charity for the fellow, and was resolved to see him righted should he get into difficulty. I soon saw that he was very unpopular, and that, as I felt rather disposed to make all friends for him, he was considered as his friend. Many were the jokes cracked at our expense.

"I say, fellows," said a rowdy looking customer who went by the name of Zeke, "do Quakers ever have camp meetings?"

"Yes," answered another, "they have a camp meeting over there in Quaker corner every night. That fellow camps out upon the floor every nap he takes."

"Well," said another, "I've heard of 'boarding at the market-house and sleeping on the bridge,' but I never saw an illustration of it before."

"Wonder if they wouldn't take in boarders?" asked the first speaker. "I'll see if they don't want the rules and regulations of the house printed. If they do I'll board out the bill."

I glanced at my neighbor to see how he bore this ridicule. His face was flushed and his lips firmly compressed as if to choke down the rising indignation. "But he said not a word. I fancied, however, that he picked up the types faster than usual."

"Things could not go on this way much longer, for as god-like a quality as forbearance is, it cannot hold out against everything. I saw that a storm was gathering and prepared to act my part as a man when it burst forth."

It was Saturday afternoon; the hands were ranged about the "stone," and immediately opposite them stood "Zeke." As usual, Quakers were "observed of all observers," and my whisper, which was answered by the utter or a nudge of the elbow, passed round the group. As the foreman said "Quaker" the amount due him, he gave him a new quarter dollar to make out the change. This did not escape "Zeke's" eye, and he said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all—

"If that eagle on that quarter had life, and I were a State prison convict, I wouldn't swap places with it, for my confinement would be far more preferable to being squeezed to death."

This was the hair that broke the camel's back. With the exclamation, "You scoundrel!" he made one bound, and with a stunning blow, brought "Zeke" to the floor. Then jerking off his coat, and placing himself in a fighting attitude, he turned to the astonished group with "come on, now, cowardly ruffians. If you cannot let me alone peacefully I will make you do it by force. I have borne your insults long enough, and if you have any more to offer come on with them!"

This challenge was sufficient. Costs came off and sleeves were rolled up in a minute. I saw that my friend would be apt to get the worst of the fight, and forcing him into a corner, I exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, one word, if you please. It would be cowardly for you all to attack this man; I will not see it done. And if you will attempt it I have something here (tapping my breast significantly) that will stop it. He is not to blame; he has only resented an insult which any of you would have done. You have all insulted him because he has conducted himself strangely; let him explain his conduct, and perhaps we can make up the quarrel. He owes you an explanation—if not to you, he certainly does to me. And now, sir," said I, turning to him, "I demand it of you as a right."

He hesitated a moment. "Come, my friend," said I, "let us have it, whatever it is, and at once put an end to this quarrel."

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am not disposed to lay my private affairs open to the public gaze, but I suppose I must do it for once. You must know then that from my earnings I must not only support myself, but my mother, two sisters and three small brothers, who reside in a distant State. I could earn enough at home to support them well, but my reason for coming here is this: One of my sisters, who is now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the pet of the family, has been blind from birth."

We had no hope of her ever acquiring the faculty of sight, and were content to abide by what we thought a dispensation of Providence. But recently I have seen a similar case to hers—a young man was restored to sight by an eminent physician of Paris. I have corresponded with that physician, and he has high hopes that in my sister's case he can effect a cure."

This, gentlemen, is what I have been laboring for since I have been here—to raise funds sufficient to take her to Paris. I love that sister as I do my own life; I have labored day and night—have deprived myself of many comforts, and borne your taunts and jeers for her sake. But I can bear it no longer. If you are men you will desert; if you do not I warn you of the consequences!"

"Zeke" had risen to his feet and heard all my friend had said. As he listened to the "Quaker," I could see the moisture coming into his eyes; and when he had finished, he stepped forth, and grasping the "Quaker's" hand, while the tears trickled down his face, he said, in a voice quivering with emotion:

"My noble fellow, we have wronged you deeply, and I for one, ask your forgiveness. Had you but told us what your object was we would not have placed a single obstacle in your way."

"I forgive you freely, sir—I forgive you all," said "Quaker."

"And how much have you to raise yet?" I asked, "before you have the requisite sum?"

"About one hundred and fifty dollars. If I have my health, and continue to make good bills, I shall be ready to start for Europe in about two months."

"You won't have to wait that long," said "Zeke," laying the money he held in his hand upon the stone. "If my week's wages, every cent of which you are welcome to, will help you along. Come, boys," he added, "how many of you will follow suit?"

"Well, there's mine," said Jim, laying an X upon the pile, "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," said a dozen voices, as each hand deposited an equal amount, until they had made quite a pile of bank bills.

"There, stranger, take that, and may God prosper you," said Zeke, tendering him the money.

"No, gentlemen," answered the Quaker, "I thank you for your liberality but I cannot take your money. I am no beggar; all I ask is that I may be allowed to do my work without being disturbed."

"But you must take it," urged Zeke, we owe it to you, and you shall take it—we've done you a great wrong—we've abused you—and we have no other way of making amends. Besides if you wouldn't take it, I will be spent before Monday morning, and I know that for my part it will be much pleasanter to commence the week with the consciousness of having appropriated my money in a sensible way than with a foggy head, aching limbs, and empty pocket, which always follow a 'free and easy'."

Still the stranger hesitated. "Take it," he said, "for your sister's sake," said two or three voices.

"I accept it, gentlemen," said the Quaker, "as you say, for my sister's sake, and I hope to be able some day to return it, principal and interest."

Quaker left for Paris shortly after; and in a few months we had the satisfaction of hearing that his sister was completely restored to sight, and that they were on their way home.

I have heard from him several times since. His "lines have been drawn in pleasant places," and he is now a judicial functionary in a neighboring State (Kentucky).

The Fable of the Rain Drop.  
There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he plowed it, and planted the corn, and harrowed it, and weeded it with great care, and on this field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and thought, he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went out every day to look at his corn, to see if there was any hope for rain.

One day he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain drop, what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do the best I'll try; I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more; so here I go."

And down went the rain drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and fell on one stalk of corn. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain drop had no sooner started for the field, than the second said, "Well, if you go, I believe I will go too; so here I come," and down dropped the rain drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they heard them and saw them coming to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said:

"If you're going on such a good errand, I'll go too; and down he came. And I, and so on, till a whole shower of them came, and the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can.—Angels can do no more.

Bible Anecdotes.  
A Bible Agent called at a house in Buffalo which he found supplied; on turning to leave, a lady followed him to the gate of the yard, and thus addressed him: "I have a word to say to you. You sometimes meet abuse in the course of your work; be not discouraged by such cases. When the Agent was around some years ago I abused him to the best of my ability, yet he left me a Bible. I am now ashamed of myself for my treatment of him. The Bible which he left me has taught me to lament this and all other sin. I am thankful, that in spite of all my opposition one was left me. But for this, I should have been a poor sinner on the road to death and hell."

Pesent thinks that carriage drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charge.

## Serenading a Young Lady.

A friend tells the following:

In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence, it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, delightful, &c. I of course was highly delighted and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night.

I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived at I supposed, at the lady's residence but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady, the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer,' I struck up, but the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up "Old Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed—"The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more boys," said I, "and she must come." I struck up again—"My love is like the red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug—Let us sing 'Home Sweet Home' and if that don't bring her, I'll give up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys, I knew we could fetch her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and dressing gown.

"Friend," said he, "he was singing of thy home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home; and if that's true, why don't they go to thy home?"

"We, and our hats, went home," said I, "and our hats, went home."

The editor of the Albany Register comments thus upon this simple word, so common, and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning:

"How many emotions cluster around that word. How full of sadness, and to us, how full of sorrow it sounds. It is with a consecrated word. We heard it once within the year as we hope never to hear again. We spoke it on an occasion, such as we hope never to speak it again—it was in the chamber of death, at the still hour of night's noon. The curtains to the windows were all closed, the lights were all shaded, and we stood in the dim and solemn twilight, with others around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness was on her lips, as we kissed her the last time while living. Good-bye, my daughter," we whispered, and "Good-bye, father," came faintly from her dying lips.

We know not if she ever spoke more, but "Good-bye" was the last we ever heard of her sweet voice. We hear that sorrowful word often and often, as we sit alone, busy with the memories of the past. We hear it, the silence of the night, in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lie upon our bed thinking of the loved and the lost to us.

We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps, alone, with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop to lean on when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its close. The hope and the prop is gone, and we are not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead."

How to Lay a Nervous Ghost.  
Judge G—, of New Hampshire, was a very whimsical, nervous, and irritable old man; all who attended his court must wear slippers, tread softly, and be particularly careful how they closed the door. One day the judge fell sick, and was, night upon night, indeed it was reported, and the belief was general, that he was dead. His immediate neighbors, of course, soon discovered that this was a mistake; but as the judge was not particularly liked the news of his recovery did not travel near so fast as the news of his death. A gentleman from a distant part of the country was walking the streets of the town several weeks afterwards with a friend, when to his astonishment they chanced to meet the tall, spare figure of the nervous magistrate.

"Why," said he to his companion, "I thought the judge was dead."

"Well, he did die," was the reply, "and was buried, too, for I attended his funeral. But after he had been in the ground three weeks, some one was thoughtless enough to pass through the grave yard with spade and shovel, and up came old G—! The next time he's under ground, his friends intend to have the grave-ward caught."

## A Splendid Description.

One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in these words cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a barbecue but better liquor."

"Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children."

"Not in the shimmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glades and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glisters like gold in the sun, where the storms crash, and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God; there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the summer rain; shivering in the ice gem; till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hale shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and wearing the many colored iris, that scarp, a zone of the sky; whose warp is the rain drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poison mingles on its brink, its blood brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale and starving orphans sweep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol? A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

"I did as the rest did."

This tame, yielding spirit—long as "the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time—loses his credit—squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situations of life do so, and so are indulged in this and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers—triflers—and fools. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education—has given them great advantages. But, alas! they are, only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters gently. They learn what others learn, to paint, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry—their husbands are unable to support their extravagance—and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

A Hoosier's Description of a Dinner at the Aster House.

I met upon the train an elderly Hoosier, who had been to the show case exhibition at New York, and who had also seen the Hippodrome, as he called it.

"Did you remain long in New York," I asked.

"Well, no," answered he thoughtfully, "only two days, for I saw there was a right smart chance of starving to death, and I'm opposed to that way of going down. I put up at one of their taverns, and I allowed I was going to be treated to the whole."

"Where did you stop," said I, interrupting him.

"At the Aster House. I allow you don't catch me to no such place again. They rung a gong, as they called it, four times afore breakfast, and then, when I went in to eat, there wasn't nerry stiles on the table."

"What next there?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well," said the old man, enumerating the items cautiously, as if from fear of omission, "there was a clean plate—wrong one—was a knife, a clean towel, a napkin, and a hand bell; and what was next, I don't know, but I knowed it was nerry bad."

"The nigger up and asked me what I wanted," said I, "living in your kitchen, and I'll help you."

## THE SCOTCH ENIGMA'S IDEAL OF ROMANCE.

Speaking of the amount of physical pain which man is capable of enduring, and of instances of constancy under such trials, Dr. Macintosh used to say that one case had come under his own notice, which seemed to him scarcely to have a parallel in all the annals of "Greek and Roman fame."

Dr. Macintosh had served with our armies abroad in the capacity of regimental surgeon, or assistant surgeon. "We finished on one occasion," said he, "to be stationed in country quarters, at a place affording considerable opportunities for our enjoyment of the sports of the field. These opportunities were not let slip. All the officers of our regiment contrived to furnish themselves with horses, and away we set to the fields, to rouse up the fox, wild boar, or anything that came in our way, being perfectly regardless what the chase was, provided we had but the exercise and the excitement. The officers 'of ours' were all English, with the exception of a young ensign and myself, who were Scotsmen. Hence my story. We had not been long in the field, ere some prospect of game caused us to put our steeds to their paces. They were awkward brutes, and perhaps we were a foot or two, were awkward, or, at least, not freshly practised riders. However this may be, it so happened that my young countryman, to whom I have alluded at a serious tumble. It took place in sight of the whole party, and, as he was very generally liked, they came to a pause almost to a man, and crowded around him, was soon at the spot with the rest. From the appearance of the sufferer, and his involuntary movements and writhings, it was plain, not only to my own practised eye, but to every one present, that his shoulder was dislocated. 'Here is the doctor!' cried a dozen voices; 'take off his coat!' myself, without thinking for a moment of being refused, also begged him to allow me to assist him in getting his coat off—to the surprise of all of us, he drew back and said firmly: 'No! there is nothing the matter. I will have it looked to afterwards, but not now. It is but a bruise at most.' The position of the injured limb, looking out angularly from the side and the depression above convinced myself that this was nonsense, and that a dislocation downwards into the armpit had been the consequence of the fall upon the shoulder. Then the others saw, and were persuaded of this fact; and the involuntary writhings of the sufferer, with the large drops of perspiration upon his brow, confirmed every one in their conviction. 'My dear fellow,' was the general and kindly cry, 'the thing will grow worse and worse, and your sin will be doubled by delay.' I also, as became my place, was earnest in my anxiety that he should allow me to examine and examine the arm. He thanked us for our kindness, but his answer was 'No!' and our reiterated entreaties could not move him one whit from his resolve.

We were naturally all surprised, and really surprised, by this conduct. But here seemed no help for it, and the rest of the officers slowly betook themselves to their homes, in order to resume their route, the most astonished man of the whole, being the best assured of what had taken place, was the last to turn to my stead had not mounted, and had just wheeled round to cast a last glance at my countryman, when a peculiar look and motion of his hand caught my attention. I stepped forward the rest to ride away, and then looked up to him.

"Now," said he, "I will allow you to look at my arm. You are my countrymen; these are all English; and I have an erupive affection on my arm (the itch) which I could not betray to any one but a countryman. You know how vile our beds have been for three or four nights. In consequence of sleeping in them, it strikes me, I have received an affection which I have spread so rapidly, that I have not yet had time to speak to you. I was about to do so, however, this very evening. You know the petty scandal against our country about the eruptions of this kind. Our messmates—good fellows as they are—might have pitied and sympathized with me just now, but we should have had no end to their peccancy. No, no! I would go with my arms dangling by my side all my days, ere the honor of old Scotland should be tarnished in me!"

I could not help admiring the noble young fellow, fantastical in some respects as his conduct and notions here may have been. All the while, too he was suffering a degree of torture with which few bodily pains are comparable—the torture of a violently dislocated joint. However, I was no time in words, but immediately set about attempting his relief for the perspiration was still pouring from his brow. Unfortunately, assistance was out of the question in the case; we were alone. Nevertheless, I contrived to strip him, and directed him to lay himself down upon the ground on his back as length. He did so. I then laid myself down by his side in the arm-pit of the dislocated limb, I took hold of his hand. One pull and a firm push (restoring the limb to its place). He was afterwards able to walk home with me in comfort, and he cut upon affection, a simple matter, was easily cured. Good-bye, then, from all that was the doctor's story.



that the privilege for a sub-marine telegraph from the Island of Cuba to the United States, has just been granted to Mr. Samuel A. Kennedy, Don Francisco Noris, and Don Felipe Neirey, by his Excellency Gen. Canclal, with the unanimous approval of the Real Junta of the Telegraphic Committee, for a term of 13 1/2 years. We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that the line is to be built by a company to be formed in Cuba and the United States. The proposed route for the submarine line will be from Pinar del Rio, near Cardenas, to Cruz, Oco, Pinar, from thence to Old Headed Shot key from thence to Old Matanzas, and from Old Matanzas to the main land of Florida, the whole distance about 1225 miles. Divided into four sections, the submarine cable required will only be about 365 miles.

Hill cost \$12 each, and a small fortune is required for a "fashionable suit" of gentleman's clothes.—*Boston Transcript*.

**GUANO**—Recent accounts from the Chinese Islands state that a new survey had been made of the guano, and it was ascertained that the measure is several feet deeper all over the island than was hitherto supposed. Large valleys were found to exist which were hitherto unknown, completely filled with guano to a level with the surface of the hills, and it is now thought that the supply will prove almost inexhaustible.

We gave somebody's testimony, a few weeks ago, that a vessel was being built for owners in New York, which would cross the Atlantic in six days. John Bull, our agency is desirous to reduce the time to four days.

**THE LATE RAIN**—have been hailed with great joy by the lumbermen at the eastward, as it has set all their mills running, and gave excellent prospects for their trade.

and much improved construction of vessels, it will be perfectly practicable to accomplish the voyage between the United States and the United Kingdom, in considerably less than four days; in fact, in about three days and a half, the ports connecting the old and the new worlds being Halifax and Glasgow. This, says the Advertiser, is no speculative statement. It is grounded on experiments which have already been made to test the sailing capabilities of vessels constructed on the new principle.

**THE SUIT AGAINST COL. BENTON FOR SLANDER.**—The trial of the suit for alleged slander, brought by Judge Birch against Col. Benton was commenced at Independence, Mo., on the 29th ult. The question whether defendant was a resident or non-resident of the State was attempted to be determined in three days, but the Judge decided that requiring 140 days, waived by the defendant, and the trial proceeded.

**A Clewapeake mackerel**, three feet and six inches in length, was caught at Baltimore, on the 23d ult.

and yet another; and ere a mile had been passed, no less than six timberers were found, lying directly across the track.

*Boston Post.*

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CHEAP EDITION OF THE DOWAY BIBLE.  
—Mr P. Donahue, of Boston, has published an addition of the authorized Catholic version of the Bible, which is sold at one dollar. It is 12mo. size, and said to be "the cheapest Catholic Bible in the world." It is meeting with an immense sale.

Where is the schoolmaster? asks a correspondent of the Montreal Herald, and cites an instance which would lead to the impression that the skill had been drowned. He says a neat little sloop in the harbor had its name handsomely lettered:—"British Ladies."

Mr. Brewster's work on America will give you all manner of curiosities, as the authoress has indulged her propensity for portrait painting. She has drawn the likenesses of Emerson, Irving, Theodore Parker, Lucy Stone, and a score of others.

in Jersey as late as the year 1800. In newspaper of that date is a complimentary editorial to the female voters, for unanimously supporting John Adams for President, in opposition to Mr. Jefferson.

... ..

**LIME.**—There is not within the whole State of South Carolina the slightest indication of the presence of limestone—the consequence is that in many of the inferior towns of that State one dollar per bushel is paid for lime.

... ..

A silver eel measuring three feet and eight inches in circumference at the largest part, and weighing three and a half pounds, was taken a day or two since from the Crown water pipe in New York.

... ..

**A LONG LIFE OF USEFULNESS.**—The first premium on woolen yarn, at the Plymouth County Agricultural Fair on Thursday, was awarded Miss Betsey Holmes of Andover, a lady 95 years of age.

... ..

Com. Stewart, "Old Ironsides," is said to be dangerously ill at his residence in Portland, N. J.

ships are always lucky; or, such a ship is always unlucky; of the former class the ship Hector, of Edgartown, may fairly be reckoned. The Gazette, of that place, gives an account of her numerous voyages and from that article we glean the following remarkable facts. She sailed on her first voyage August 20th 1826 and since that time she has brought into port 19,667 barrels of oil, worth at present rates \$753,852. Her first five voyages were performed in one hundred and forty-one months, during which time she took 12,930 bbls. of sperm oil, the Hector is now absent on her 9th voyage, and at last accounts, then six months out, she had taken 600 bbls. sperm oil.

The difficulty attending the moving of our establishment and getting our large press in working order again, caused a delay of some hours in the time of this week's paper, and in moving probably many inaccuracies have escaped our notice. It will be all right again next week.

[illegible]







**NEW BOOKS**  
FOR SALE AND CIRCULATION

**James Hammond's**  
Dry Gods and Book Store.

1073 Lady Lightfoot, or the belle of the manor.  
By Mrs Gore

725 Behavior: A manual for ladies, by Miss  
Lee

77 Shally: Or life in a country paragon.  
By a masters wife

748 Old and the New, or the changes of thirty  
years in the reign of William the Fourth

949 H. M. and Arthur, or Miss Thos's spiritual  
whee, by Caroline Lee Hays

1 The south and the Nile sand, translated from  
the Arabic by J. G. L. Leveque

750 The Old Juggernaut, a spiritual story by  
Julia Day

107 Mosses Martin, or the long moss spring  
and the long moss girls

74 A Year Lay, or the taking of the Ba-  
by, by J. D. Davis

107 History of Rhode Island, and Newport  
and the towns of Bristol and Portsmouth

135 The Bee Thee, by the authors of my mother  
and father, by the authors of M. D. B. B. B.

4974 (H) Use by a River, by the author  
 of *Myself and my*  
 4975 *Myself and my*, with Two Be there, by  
 Mr. Monhe  
 4976 (H) The 21 Close to Life of the Strang  
 4977 (H) *Myself and my*, a novel by Henry Cok  
 4978 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 4979 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 4980 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 4981 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 4982 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 4983 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
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 4999 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden  
 5000 (H) *Myself and my*, by End of a Caden

3664 Birkhills, n. n. 17 and 18  
 5939 Graham's Magazine for September  
 3653 Godey's Lady's Bazaar for September  
 6081 Eusebe Queneau, a sequel to Mary Price,  
 the adventures of a servant maid, by G W  
 M Reynolds  
 3763 Saloni for the solitary by an E. Kure  
 1764 The chosen Meniors of by H T Tuckerman  
 My House in Damascus, or nine years in  
 captivity, by Mrs Meredith  
 1766 Quakerism, or the way to a happy life  
 by Wm O. to Saml. Alford, or on and off Sound-  
 ings being a review from a private journal  
 3769 The glewwood Tales, another wonder tale

Nathaniel Hawthorne  
 1769 A Visit to Me and other tales, by Mary How-  
 174  
 1770 Step of Mont Blanc, by Albert Smith  
 1771 Spirit Raps unveiled, by R. M. M.  
 1833  
 1744 Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Mole In-  
 stances, or what he did, said & invented  
 60-9 Paine's magazine for September.  
 Sept. 1833.

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**THE WONDER OF THE AGE.**

FOR the cure of Salt Rheum  
 Erysipelas, Chil-  
 blains, Chaps or  
 Cracked  
 Hands, Burns,  
 & Scalds, Cuts,  
 Wounds of any  
 kind; Fever; In-  
 flammation of the  
 Breast; Insects; Old  
 Sores.

**ING OINTMENT.** Sores; all kinds of Ulcers; and Sores on children; Sore Lips, Pimples on face, and all diseases of the Skin.

**47.** For particulars, see small bills accompanying this.

17 40,000 boxes sold in New England last year, and gave universal satisfaction.

The great secret of the popularity of this Ointment lies in the fact that it does what it is recommended to do; and that I do not recommend it to cure anything but what from the nature of the ingredients, it is an absolute specific, and other preparations of the kind are incompetent to cure. It is a medicine that is humanely is heir to, from Consumptions down to the bite of a flea, when, in fact, all the medical properties they contain are in the hands of the patient, and he can do as he pleases. I published in their praise.

I invite those troubled with the above complaints (particularly Sore Throat), to take a box at once, try it, if you are not fully satisfied, return it and I will back your money.

N. B. I have hundreds of testimonials I can show any one who feels disposed to call on me and satisfy himself of the virtues of the Ointment. Prepared and sold by M'NUGG & CO., Newburg, Conn.

**18** To whom all Orders should be addressed.

Sold also by the principal Druggists and Country Merchants generally. Price 26 cents.

WINDSTAR, DRUGGIST, 100 N. V. CLIFTON ST. & CO. No. 81, Barclay St., New York; Weeks & Potter, Boston; Adams, Harned & Caswell; G. Handy; E.B. Fish, Newport; John Hedy Portsmouth.

March 28-19.

**SCHOOL FOR BOYS.**  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE FALL SESSION of 1853, will commence on the first Monday in Sep. ember. The Principals receive under their charge, a limited number of boys for instruction. The pupils board with them, and are under their entire supervision and control.

JARED REED, Jr., A. M.  
BENJ. E. THURSTON, A. B. Principals

*References.*—Rev. F. Thayer, Rev. C. T. Brown, Dr. C. C. Dunn, Gov. Wm. C. Gibbs, Newport 21, Prepts. Day and Winslow, Yale College; Pres. Humphrey, Pittsfield, Mass.; Pres. Hitchcock, Prof. Warner, Yale; South and Putnam, Andover.

R. M. Gibbes, Esq.; A. Bigelow, Jr., Esq., Prof. F. P. Hood, Rev. R. S. Dickinson, Rev. Dr. G. I. Hawkes, N. York City, Rev. R. S. Starr, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. B. N. Kirk, Hon. D. S. Clark, Boston; Geo. T. Rice, Esq., Worcester, Mass. Hon. Henry Barnard, Hartford, Ct.

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**WINAOW SHADES.**

**Lace and Muslin Curtains,**  
Satin Delaines, Gilt Cornices, &c.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS MANUFACTURERS**  
OF WINDOW Shades, and Importers of  
Lace and Muslin Curtains, &c., are prepared to  
offer purchasers of the above goods, inducements  
and REMISSIONS not to be found in any other  
establishment. Our stock is the *largest in New*

**KELTY & FERGUSON,**  
Nos. 2894 Broadway, and 54 Reade St., New York.

**WINES, &C.**  
OF EVERY KIND and quality at wholesale and  
retail, J. B. LAWRENCE & CO.  
August 1. New York,  
Orders left with H. H. Young, Parade Corner  
will be responded to with dispatch.

**Rice Flour,** for sale by  
jy 2. NEWTON BROTHERS

**Cooper's Sashlines**, and Gaskets for sale  
by  
NEWTON BROTHERS

**Gentlemen's Silk Undervests,** for sale  
(at j35.) C. W. TURNER'S

**India Rubber Dressing Combs**,  
for sale at  
C. W. TURNER'S

Fresh Strawberries, and Pine Apples, this day  
received at  
June 4. 171 Thames St  
CARKE'S

Wide Black Lace for Mantles  
MUSLIN and CAMBRIC BANDS  
Rich French Corderoies, &c.  
Just opened by  
WM. COZZENS & CO.  
Aug. 31.

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